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Pacific Charter

AMERICA'S introduction to the war seems completed, with the long foreshadowed fall of Corregidor and the last forts of Manila Bay. The map has been rationalized in preparation for the heavy work of decisive battles, and the men have been assayed. Starting this war, the Japanese have won stupendously, but now, where are they now? The most objective examinations of military, naval and air scientists, of geographers, engineers and production men indicate that they are still facing the real beginning of their problem. The United States has suffered tragedy in the prologue, from the death of proven good men, from the destruction of the country's work in materials and peaceful organization, but the United States is only starting to enter with real force its military life. Now, most surely, will come the serious months and maybe years. No one in the world knows what grand military strategy will unfold in the next chapter of the war. We know it will be no easy story for our enemies or for ourselves. There must follow a test of the all-around strength of the combatants—and a decision between their political and social purposes. America is mobilizing its striking power, we are confident, successfully. And in order to use that unheard of power efficiently and most tellingly, the country must direct it with political intentions that overcome the vast hindrances to a secure peace. The nations united in the Far East must develop a program for China, India, the Indies and Australia, and for the Japanese people too, which will lead to no Pearl Harbor but to an accepted hope for the whole Orient together.

The USO

AS THE USO enters its second campaign for funds, more than 2,000,000 men a month are making use of its facilities. The USO really does accommodate the soldiers and sailors and marines. As it grew up, with all the official sponsorship and the distinct atmosphere of "do good" about it, the appeal of the USO cannot be said to have been thoroughly dramatic. Its original tone as it first became known did not seem to fit easily with the first snap impression of what the soldiers and sailors were supposed to be like. The popular image of the soldier was too unpleasantly tough or thoughtless, and of the USO, too untough. More than a year of experience has given proof of the splendid work and crucial necessity of the United Service Organizations. The last sceptic must realize that the service men are civilized human beings who don't become Dead End Kids the minute they leave home. There is a lot of waiting around in the Army and large quantities of time to kill very far away from home and frequently far indeed from the apparatus of pleasant home and city and town living which the men have left. The USO has proven its intelligence in furnishing an effective apparatus for decent and interesting living during the hours when the pangs of being cut off from their regular life would most sharply assail the men. It furnishes a bridge between emergency military life and normal life. The war is being fought by drafted men, sometimes in battle posts, but more typically, and for all of them much of the time, in camps and towns in America and abroad which are naturally, if nothing is done about it, definitely God-forsaken. It isn't first of all fun to be torn out of home life and the place you know, separated from your regular friends, male and female, and set down as a very unimportant unit in a very big Army in some woods or desert selected because it's cheap and far enough away to permit artillery to shoot off its biggest guns without hitting anything worth hitting. People not in the Army or Navy owe a tremendous lot to the service men and ought to be eager to make military life as agreeable as is practically possible.

Of Suicide

THE INCIDENCE of self-destruction in modern society is so large, it can be soberly stated that it is no longer news. Occasionally, however, when well-known names are linked with this greatest of all possible tragedies, there is danger that the mysterious list toward suicide discernible in the human family today may be strengthened by their weight. The era of the war has pro-

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duced a number of such cases: among them the Hungarian premier, Teleki's (which a good many editors actually praised as a patriotic act); that of Stefan Zweig and his wife in South America; and currently, in this country, that of the exiled editor of the Berlin *Tageblatt* and his wife. There can be no thought in the mind of the Christian commentator of allotting blame here or in any other specific case. But, though he feels compassion for souls thus straitened in the last desperation, though he refrains from judgment and the imputation of motive, he must rally against such examples as best he can the concept of the duty of living. No one knows, of course, why the vast mass of mankind keeps on living—no one knows the full formula of moral, any more than of physical health. It is not bodily well-being, or lack of trouble; it is not even in the water-tight sense religious belief, since some suicides (though relatively few) are practising Christians.

But it can be unequivocally stated that religious, and notably Christian belief, is the most potent of all the forces that balance and toughen the character of man. This is even aside from grace, that communication to the soul of the life of God Himself. Psychologically, the believer benefits from the belief that reinforces the deeper levels of his being to absorb and allay the tensions of life. Morally and rationally he benefits from the principle that he is a personality of unique value and significance in the plans of God: a soldier under orders to guard one priceless post which, if he deserts, will go down forever. To bring categorical conviction of these truths to the great body of indifferentism and unbelief which is the host in which the germ of despair most actively germinates, is not easy. But Christians who reflect as well as they can their beliefs by the way they speak and live, are to that extent radiating moral and spiritual health. The periphery, the very atmosphere, of spiritual certainty has its good uses as well as the substance itself.

Farming—England and U. S.

WORD comes through the *Weekly Review* (formerly *G.K.'s Weekly*) that the British Ministry of Agriculture after two and a half years of war has ordered that all farms must be self-sustaining. Lack of shipping facilities seems to be the principal reason for the edict, but the results promise to be no less momentous for the English people. It must be remembered that Great Britain in modern times has been largely dependent on other nations for a high proportion of her foodstuffs. That generally speaking what agriculture there was tended to be concentrated on large manor estates. That the program of returning 6,000,000 acres to cultivation mentioned in these pages last week is taking place with benefit of 100,000 tractors. Except for transportation every major factor would seem to point to one-crop, mass production farming as the way to meet Britain's wartime food problem. Yet the Ministry of Agriculture has decided otherwise.

It is natural that these English Distributists of the *Weekly Review* should be elated over the possibility that some of their long-held principles are actually to be put into operation on so large a scale, and it is easy to agree with them that this government order may contain the seeds of a new agricultural revolution. The reasoning goes like this: Since the purpose of mass production farming is to economize on costs, it cannot—even if by some miracle the factory in the fields devoted some of its acreage to diversified cultivation—supply its employees with adequate family quantities of milk, flour, bacon, beef, poultry etc. Therefore "a real subsistence farm must be a small privately owned farm." And to maintain the balance of fertility each farm must aim at producing the widest variety of foodstuffs. It may be reading too much into that edict, but the *Weekly Review* continues, "With small mixed farms run on the family, subsistence principle, the whole character of our national life will be changed. . . . The number alone of men and women who were previously clinging precariously to the fringes of big business in the capacity of salesmen, clerks, typists, or 'hands' of one sort or another, receiving alternately a pay envelope and the dole, and who possessed little more control over their lives or the things they produced than the machines they handled—the number of these people must in the new conditions fall to a mere fraction of what it was. . . . If there is one thing certain about the present war, it is this: from an economic point of view the vast transformation that the world has undergone will not cease with the cessation of hostilities. . . ."

There is far greater reason for such an agricultural transformation over here, in this land of great distances. In spite of everything the United States today has on hand the greatest supply of wheat on record. Growers in the Northwest don't know where they can store their 1942 crop. Cotton, for another example, still has a carry-over of more than 10,000,000 bales, practically an entire annual crop. The Southern Tenant Farmers Union points out that there are 2,000,000 farm families in the South who could produce food and industrial materials which are badly needed in our war effort, but they lack the training and equipment to change over from cotton-cropping. Some 400,000 families have, however, been supplied these and started in this sound direction by the forward-looking Farm Security Administration. It is ironical that at the very moment the British find themselves impelled "to farm intelligently," our own FSA, instead of being expanded, is brutally sabotaged.

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The Civil War

MADAGASCAR now, and soon Martinique—perhaps before these words are read—and, one day, Africa. There will be Frenchmen killed by Americans and Americans killed by Frenchmen. In our necessary determination to strike at the Axis forces until they are brought to reason we will advance, and advancing, we will find some French armed forces in our way. It is proper that we no longer leave the British to bear alone the sad responsibility of inevitable, fratricidal action.

It is through this decision, through this action which we and the United Nations are obliged to take, that we enter into the heart of the war—the "Civil War," Mr. President. That name is charged for Americans with grave memories, certain grandeur and great sadness: that war left half our country devastated and exhausted; this war will leave half the world devastated and exhausted. We can lend that name to this war which it ever more clearly defines. It has become possible, it has become unavoidable that men wearing the British uniform, the American uniform, should be in conflict with men wearing the French uniform. That is civil war.

We have been accustomed to think that we were in a war between nations, between good nations and bad nations, that we were in a war against enemies with all the enemies named. Also in this war there were friendly nations that had fallen to the enemy and these through victory we would liberate. Everything was clear: such nations, and France most particularly among such nations, were imprisoned, they were set aside from the current of war and life; changeless they awaited the end of the war. But, in fact, such nations lived in the ceaseless change which is famine and doubt and fatigue. How can we measure this change? We know only the extreme terms. In France we know the underground activity, we know Laval. We know and respect two loyalties, the loyalty of the soldiers who fight with de Gaulle to liberate their country, the loyalty of the soldiers obedient to the military hierarchy of their country.

We have started to talk about the "real" France and that is discouraging because the royalist émigrés were talking already about a "real" France at the time of the Revolution and the reactionaries continued to talk about a "real" France all through the Third Republic and that "real" France, always silent, always defeated, always something that differed from appearances, was also always a purely imaginary creation. France today is General Giraud, escaped from Germany, and France today is Laval and Pétain—the prisoners in German camps, the profiteers in Paris, the hostages before the firing squads. France is Claudel who wrote to the Grand Rabbi to tell his shame and horror at the treatment of the Jews and France is also the Commissioner for Jewish Affairs who persecutes them. France is General de Gaulle and General Sicé and Admiral Muselier and France is also Admiral Darlan. The real France is the confusion of real life, the enduring imperfection of human society, with its courage and cowardice, its conviction and uncertainty and—in this hour of torment—its temptation of despair.

We know that the choice which lies before that France is between a Europe open to America and a Europe closed upon itself. The French call our Civil War the War of Secession. The choice before France is whether or not to secede from the hope that the unification of Europe under Germany can be avoided, whether or not to secede from a system of beliefs which they share with us. We are fighting a civil war to prevent that secession.

If we lose France we lose Europe itself. For France is not France alone, France is the thought of Europe at work. France contains and is not contained by Europe. The turmoil and the uncertainty of Europe and all the resistance of Europe live, not figuratively, in France. If France yields to the temptation of European unity, all Europe yields. If France resists and maintains—in Europe, in servitude—the faith we have in a free European federation, if France is faithful to the attraction of that plan, then Europe too resists and is faithful. The hope that is not obscured somewhere in France, in some French hearts, is the hope that does not die in Belgium, in Holland, in Poland, in Greece, the communicable hope that may fill also German hearts, Italian hearts.

When that hope dies the civil war is lost, the war becomes another war, a war of continents, the body of our traditional civilization is wrecked. A victory will not reform it. A victory will be the defeat of Europe, not of Germany alone. Europe will be closed to the world in the unification of misery. We will have saved our freedom, not Europe's freedom. No planes, no ships will carry our freedom to the embittered vanquished.

The civil war must not be lost. With stubborn admirable persistence the President has insisted that we do not break relations with France. He has refused all the automatisms of diplomacy and of incomprehension, resisted all the frantic facile solutions of anger. And now lucidly he is taking the military steps which our campaign requires.

We ask that the President, whose messages to France have been generous and firm, proclaim now, not to France but to America—for we too need encouragement and faith—his, and our, irrevocable determination to preserve solidarity with the French. And, with Lincoln in mind, we beg him to restate our fraternal purpose in this civil war.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The Future of the English Language

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

ONLY a few months ago the air was still full of somewhat complacent prophecies about the future management of the world by the English-speaking peoples. None can be very confident in those prophecies today. The faith in eventual victory in the war has not abated. There is every reason to think that the gigantic Japanese effort will exhaust itself and the Japanese power eventually be defeated. But no sane person can any longer imagine that even in the defeat of Japan it will be possible to reestablish the white man in the Far East in the position which he has held for the last few generations. The whole position of the white man after all in Asia or Africa depended on his prestige. Loose talk about the British holding India by the sword was far from exact. There were never more than about 100,000 white men of all sorts in India, and the British rule there could never have endured for a day if it had been the rule of an army of occupation. It endured because it was accepted. It was a complete example of government by consent. But it was accepted because of the prestige of the white man.

And, if this is true of India, it is even more true of the Far East. The Chinese had in one way a great contempt for the barbarian from the West; nevertheless they did think him to be possessed of a certain military and commercial efficiency. Now one fears that, even if there should be a reversal of military fortunes and an eventual defeat of the Japanese, it will never again be possible to persuade the Oriental that the white man has some secret of magic competence which he does not possess. No one can seriously imagine that British rule will ever be tolerated again in Malay. In China we can only win through alliance with a Chinese nationalist movement, to which Japan is indeed the primary enemy but which not so many years ago was nakedly anti-European and which quite certainly does not intend ever to see European concessions and European traders back again in the hour of its victory. In India a policy that is virtually one of surrender has already been decided upon. It is very far from probable that that policy will be an easily successful one, and we may well see a period of bloodshed and civil war in India in which men will begin to sigh again for the return of the British. But the British, if they once go, will not return. An Empire of that strange sort cannot be recreated, once destroyed.

In the same way in Europe. A few months ago the English could boast that they stood alone against the nazi menace, and then, if Germany were defeated, the victory would necessarily be a wholly British victory and the British prestige would have been such that her influence on the Continent would have been immense. It is a different story today. If victory comes out of any situation at all remotely resembling the present, then it is the Russians who will get a large share of the credit for the victory. It is true that the Russian success was made possible by the fact that the British had drawn first blood from the Germans in the Battle of Britain, that the British and American navies and British and American supplies will have played a large part in the Russian victory. Nevertheless these are causes of victory that are relatively unseen. The credit will go to the Russians and the victory will be thought of as a Russian victory. Whatever Stalin's wishes, this is bound to have its repercussions in every one of the countries that is then freed from nazi domination.

Those repercussions will be of two kinds. On the one hand they are likely to mean the establishment of communist, or at the least of left-wing governments throughout the countries of Western Europe. But beyond that, those left-wing governments are likely to be of a dictatorial rather than a democratic nature. The experience of the war has unfortunately proved that dictatorial governments, unpleasant as they are from many other points of view, are a great deal more efficient than democracies for the conduct of war, and, since for a generation or two at any rate the world is likely to be in a state of war or threatened war, it is not probable that any countries will dare to take the risk of giving themselves free governments.

The outlook for the immediate future is then not rosy. Yet, unless man and his civilization are to perish entirely, the passions for peace and freedom are among man's permanent passions, and it is possibly in the realm of language rather than in the realm of direct political achievement that the English-speaking peoples can play their greatest part in the next generations. Two things are self-evident. The world needs a universal language; and the claims of English to be that universal language are for obvious reasons overwhelming. No other language has claims that can stand against it for a moment. And at the same time it does so happen that the English language is the language far more than any other in which the story of freedom is told. If only English is adopted for other and more directly utilitarian reasons as the universal language, then at least we can be certain that through the survival of English literature the memory of freedom will not perish, and the memory surviving, the reality will be able to return to the world in some distant happier day, when Chinese and Russians, Indians and even Germans have learnt to say that "we must be free or die who speak the language Shakespeare spoke."

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"Catholic—Bolshevist" Front

Five years ago: The Rossaint trial.

By **Wilhelm Solzbacher**

FIVE years ago, from April 7 to 28, 1937, three priests and four young Catholic laymen were tried before the People's Tribunal (*Volksgericht*) in Berlin for having organized what the nazis called "a common front between Catholics and Communists." The trial ended with a complete failure for Dr. Goebbels's propaganda stunt, but nevertheless with the condemnation of Rev. Joseph Rossaint to eleven years of hard labor. Franz Steber, a former national leader of the *Sturmschar* in the Catholic Young Men's Association and first editor of the weekly paper *Die Junge Front* (later *Michael*), was sentenced to seven years of hard labor; it is rumored that he became blind in prison. One priest and one layman got lesser terms of imprisonment and should now be out of jail, unless Messrs. Hitler, Goebbels and Himmler have decided otherwise in the meantime. Rev. Heinrich Clemens, General Secretary of the Catholic Young Men's Association of Germany and its ecclesiastical director for the Archdiocese of Cologne, had the good luck of being acquitted with the two other defendants, while Monsignor Ludwig Wolker, National Director, and Albert Steiner, National Chairman of the Association, who had been arrested with hundreds of others, were released before the trial.

The "Catholic-Bolshevist Common Front" trials were the third chapter in a series of anti-Catholic propaganda campaigns which Dr. Goebbels mounted from 1935 to 1937 with the help of a servile judiciary specially appointed for that purpose. First came the currency trials in which hundreds of priests and religious were accused of "money smuggling." The climax was reached with the trial and condemnation of the Bishop of Meissen. The clergy and the religious orders and congregations were represented as composed of greedy, unscrupulous and unpatriotic individuals, more interested in money than in souls. Arguments for the dissolution of monasteries and convents and the confiscation of their property were gathered. The "immorality" trials came next. Their object was to discredit the clergy and the religious in the eyes of the public. Celibacy was to be shown as the cause or pretext for sexual excesses and perversion. And this again was to supply arguments for dissolutions and confiscations.

For the "Catholic-Bolshevist Common Front" trials the same satanic methods were used. But the whole "case" was of a somewhat different character. The main defendant was a saintly priest who had given his whole life to unselfish service to the poorest of the poor, in whom he saw God's image, and to every movement which appeared to him as a leaven for a more Christian life. Those who stood with him before the bar were some of the finest young Catholic leaders of his country. If they made mistakes, they sinned through lack of caution and too much courage. At a time when so many others displayed an excess of prudence, which sometimes looked like cowardice, that was certainly not an unpardonable crime.

The anti-Bolshevik label

Hitler owes his propaganda successes inside and outside Germany largely to the anti-Bolshevik label of his movement. There are plenty of simple-minded folks, not excluding Catholics, who find everything that claims to be anti-Bolshevist sympathetic. It seems not to be generally known yet that for many years the Church has been persecuted in Germany in the name of anti-Bolshevism and that all the measures taken against Catholic institutions and organizations had as their "legal" basis President Hindenburg's "Emergency Decree for the Protection of the People and the State from Communist Acts of Violence Endangering the State," of February 28, 1933. In 1935 there was a judge in Hagen, Westphalia, who dared to acquit the members of a Catholic youth group who were accused of having violated the ordinance forbidding Catholic organizations to make outdoor excursions; such an excursion, the judge ruled, was neither an act of violence nor communist nor endangering the state, so that an ordinance forbidding it on the basis of the aforementioned Emergency Decree could not be lawful. The matter came before the highest court of Prussia, the *Preussisches Kammergericht*, which rendered its famous decision on July 12, 1935, and ratified the right of the nazis to consider the normal activities of Catholic youth groups as "favorable to communism."

A thousand times the nazis have accused the Church of being the ally of Bolshevism. Rosenberg's *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte* referred

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again and again to the "collaboration of World Catholicism, World Free Masonry and World Judaism" and stated in September, 1938 (immediately after Munich!), that National Socialism has the mission of "protecting Europe from the destructive ideas of Free Masonry, Judaism, Marxism and the Roman Church." The Hitler Youth magazine, *Wille und Macht,* alleged that Christian missions had favored Bolshevism in the Far East. The same issue (December 1, 1937) predicted that "perhaps Daddy Stalin and Pius XI will soon come to terms for doing business together." The nazi Gauleiter Grohé (of Cologne) said the Catholic Church was responsible for Bolshevism in Spain. The fight against the Catholic schools was conducted with the argument that they were not capable of protecting the youth from infection with communist ideas. The *Voelkischer Beobachter* revealed in 1936 that there was a *Collegium Russicum* in Rome! That astonishing fact suggested several columns of comment on the forthcoming "alliance between the Vatican and the Kremlin."

Assault on Catholic youth association

In February, 1936, the nazi secret police arrested simultaneously over a hundred national and diocesan leaders, both priests and laymen, of the Catholic Young Men's Association of Germany (*Katholischer Jungmaennerverband*), among them Monsignor Wolker and Albert Steiner. The General Secretary, Father Clemens, had been arrested a couple of months earlier. For several weeks, the press remained silent, until Dr. Goebbels released the following announcement which had to be placed under heavy headlines on the first page of all newspapers:

> STATE INTERFERENCE HITS COMMON FRONT OF POLITICAL CATHOLICISM AND COMMUNISM
>
> D.N.B., February 20, 1936. In Rhineland and Westphalia the Secret State Police has undertaken action on a large scale with the object of discovering existing and planned collaboration between a Catholic Youth Association and the underground organization of the German communists, and of bringing to an end the enterprise of high treason which those two groups had undertaken in common. In the course of this police action so far seven communist leaders, ten priests and forty-five lay leaders of the Catholic Young Men's Association have been arrested.

Seven communist leaders, ten priests and forty-five lay leaders . . . the formula was sufficient indication that the whole matter was a put-up job. The real number of arrests was much higher, but perhaps a good many Catholic youth leaders were incarcerated on the order of local Gestapo authorities and were not counted by national headquarters. A vehement press and radio campaign against the "Catholic traitors," the "black moles" allegedly allied to the "red rats," was launched immediately. The Hitler Youth took the offensive against the Catholic youth organizations whose leaders were in prison, and enormous pressure was brought to bear upon their members. When most of the arrested leaders were released several months later, because it was impossible to discover "material" which could be used against them, the main objective of the campaign had been attained. But the Gestapo feverishly continued their efforts. Fourteen months after the mass arrests everything was ready—or seemed ready—for the Rossaint Trial.

Who was Father Rossaint?

The hero of the trial was an unusual young priest, known for his apostolic activity among the workers and the unemployed. Until 1932, when he came to Duesseldorf, he was assistant priest of St. Mary's in Oberhausen, in the center of the mining and industrial region of the Ruhr. His experiences in the Catholic Workers' Unions and the Catholic Young Men's Association showed him that there were a good many people who simply could not be reached by any organization or institution with a religious label. So he organized boys' and men's clubs where everybody was welcome, whatever his religious or political affiliation or sympathy might be. Football (the kind of football which is called soccer in this country) was one of the features in those clubs. They were organized for different "streets" or neighborhoods. The oldest one, which was named *Piele-Klub* for some complicated reason which I do not remember, came to a certain fame. Father Rossaint was extremely popular because his help could be counted upon, whatever the trouble was. His house was never locked. Hungry people would just walk into the kitchen and help themselves to some food. In winter-time tramps would come in to get warm. He was frequently without socks or shoes because he would give anything away to people who needed it. If somebody was looking for a job or had trouble with his wife or difficulties with the police or was considering suicide, Father Rossaint's advice and help would be sought. There was no "propaganda" whatsoever in his sympathy and interest, but many a soul was opened to the work of grace by what he did. When I visited him once, the talk which he had announced for the next Piele-Klub meeting was, "Why I am not married." Although I did not hear it, I imagine that it was very different from any philosophical treatise on the celibacy of the clergy, but so much more interesting to those simple folks most of whom never attended a church and would not even have thought of going to see a Catholic priest.

The people among whom Father Rossaint did his pioneer work had been the favorite hunting ground of communist propagandists. Naturally the priest came in touch with many of them. He

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treated them in a friendly manner, listening to their arguments, answering them as well as he could, and offering his own in an unobtrusive but efficient way. He attended a number of communist meetings and accepted once or twice the challenge to speak in the discussion period. In a calm voice he would begin by recognizing what in his opinion was right and justified in the communist criticism and aspirations, and then he would explain the Christian principles of social justice and how they should be applied. There was a time when communist party officials made tremendous efforts to undermine Father Rossaint's popularity, but his fine personality and unselfish service gave him an influence which was a force to be reckoned with.

Those local activities did not, however, absorb all of his time and interest. Father Clemens, Diocesan Director and National General Secretary of the Catholic Young Men's Association, liked Father Rossaint very much and urged him to contribute articles to *Jugendfuehrung,* the educational magazine, and *Der Jugendpraeses,* the clergy magazine which he edited. He did so once in a while. Coming, as his French name indicates, from Germany's Western frontier and having many relatives in Belgium, Father Rossaint was interested in the problems of peace and international cooperation. So he became a member of the Peace League of German Catholics and chairman of its Oberhausen branch.

In 1932, when the situation in Germany became critical from every point of view, there was widespread discontent about certain Catholic leaders in the political, but not only in the political, sphere, who were obviously not up to the mark. There was a feeling of bewilderment and disorientation in the air. Catholics of the younger generation felt that they had to mobilize their own forces for dealing with the situation before it was too late. A group of younger Catholics, leaders of youth associations, priests, writers, journalists, scholars, social workers, students of politics, came together at Altenberg, in a house belonging to the Catholic Young Men's Association. Some came from far away, but most of those present lived in Western Germany. There were two or three such gatherings in 1932. They were continued in 1933, when Hitler came to power, but came to an end in the fall of that year. The group had no name, but was sometimes referred to as the *Altenberger Kreis.* It was a discussion group, and there were considerable differences of opinion, even in essential matters. After January, 1933, some members became pro-nazi, though the majority was all-out anti-Hitlerite. The group itself never undertook action of any kind, but when the first mass arrests of Catholic leaders came in June, 1933, some of its members, including Father Rossaint, organized financial support for the families of those who were in prison. The last message which I had from him concerned this matter.

In the summer of 1932 the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne sent Father Rossaint from Oberhausen to a parish in Duesseldorf. That city was the national headquarters of the Catholic Young Men's Association, the Catholic Girls' Association, the Catholic School Association, the Catholic Teachers' Association, and so on, so that Father Rossaint could have frequent interviews with the national leaders of those organizations. He never did hold any higher office himself and was only *Bezirkspraeses* (regional ecclesiastic assistant) of the Young Men's Association, but many of the national leaders respected him very much and sought his advice.

The "Conspiracy"

When National Socialism came to power and the communist movement was driven underground, Father Rossaint did not break off relations with those communists with whom he had become acquainted during his work among the workers and unemployed. He certainly did not denounce them to the police. Among those communists whom he had met, some were not local people. He probably did not know the offices which they were holding in their party nor even their real names. They came to see him in the first months of the Third Reich, telling him that they were very anxious to know what the younger Catholics were thinking about the situation. Father Rossaint arranged for them to meet a group of priests and laymen, some of them members of the *Altenberger Kreis,* others local leaders in the Duesseldorf region. In those private gatherings the young communists were allowed to give any special information they might have and to tell the Catholic audience what they thought of certain things in the Third Reich, whereupon the Catholics explained their own thinking and feeling. Communist ideas were always clearly rejected by Father Rossaint and others, and there was never any readiness for a "common front" of any kind. There were only a few of these meetings, and they came definitely to an end in the fall of 1934, long before the Gestapo heard about the matter. By the way, this kind of discussion between Catholics and communists was nothing new. It had been tried by other groups in Germany, long before Father Rossaint was ordained.

What he did was perhaps inconsiderate under the particular circumstances of nazi Germany, but there can be no doubt about the honesty and sincerity of his motives. As the *Osservatore Romano* put it in an article published on April 25, 1937: "For political propaganda purposes, motives of Christian charity have been represented as revolutionary complicity."

Here are some of Father Rossaint's specific

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"crimes" which the People's Tribunal had to judge:

He had converted and baptized a Jew who, said the public prosecutor, had communist sympathies. Father Rossaint accepted from him a copy of the "Brown Book" containing, as the indictment stated, "the worst calumnies about the National Socialist leaders." The defendant admitted that he had read the book and not handed it over to the police. The Brown Book was a volume of documents and reports about the Reichstag Fire and the first nazi persecutions of Jews, labor leaders, etc. It was edited and published by people whose communist connections were notorious, but many non-communists collaborated. Much of its information was later shown to be true, while some details proved to be incorrect.

A communist who fled into Holland and his wife who remained in Duesseldorf used Father Rossaint's address for exchanging letters. The wife was not a communist and had frequently quarreled with her husband because of his political activities. The correspondence was of an entirely non-political character. Father Rossaint believed he performed an act of Christian charity by enabling a couple, which had been separated by the husband's exile, to maintain relations at least through the mail. When the husband, as happened to so many refugees, was in great material distress, Father Rossaint sent him a small amount of money.

In several private conversations Father Rossaint had expressed the hope that the nazi régime would not last very long.

The nazi prosecutor also spent much time on cross-questioning the chief defendant and the witnesses about Father Rossaint's membership in the Peace League of German Catholics and about a big youth manifestation for disarmament which he organized in Oberhausen in February, 1932. The Peace League was described as an agency for high treason, and all the "material" which had already been used in the trial of Professor Dessauer, the Catholic scholar and Reichstag member, was held against Father Rossaint. It concerned the allegedly "anti-German" activities of a man who went into exile in Switzerland during the last war and had some loose connections with Professor Dessauer. Father Rossaint did not know him and had never heard about him.

As to the disarmament meeting in Oberhausen, I know something about it because I was one of the speakers. Father Rossaint had succeeded in bringing together about 1,100 people, most of them members of Catholic and Protestant youth associations. It was one in a series of many similar manifestations in which speakers from different countries appeared on the same platform. In Oberhausen the team was composed of Noel Ede from England (founder of the International Friendship League), Professor Jean Hubaux and Raymond de Becker from Belgium, and myself, with Father Rossaint introducing the speakers. A number of nazis had come to disturb the meeting, but I was the only speaker to arouse their anger. During his stay in Oberhausen Raymond de Becker was entertained in Father Rossaint's house. During his lecture tour he became so uncritically pro-German that he is pro-nazi now. He is editor of the biggest German-controlled newspaper in Brussels, *Le Soir,* and one of the Quislings in his country. Father Rossaint would probably not be happy to learn that, but it is a fact that in many cases the nazis were able to exploit the capital of pro-German sympathies which had been created by the personal experiences of foreigners with such wonderful persons as Father Rossaint.

The Communist witnesses

All these points were given so much prominence in the Rossaint Trial because the main accusation broke down right in the beginning. The "Catholic-Bolshevik Common Front" had never existed, the idea of such a thing had never been admitted by any of the defendants. The nazis counted on the communist witnesses to supply "proofs," but they did not say what they were expected to say.

There was, for instance, Bertha Karg who had played a leading rôle in the Communist Youth Association of Germany until she was arrested in 1935 and sentenced to fifteen years of hard labor. She was then 24 years old, and fifteen years in a German house of correction is no trifle for a young girl. After two years spent in such a place of horror, Bertha Karg was brought before the *Volksgericht* to witness against a priest with whom she had had several conversations in 1933. She knew how anxious the nazis were to see Father Rossaint convicted of "common front" activities, because the trial was to provide a powerful weapon with which to smash the Catholic clergy and the Catholic youth associations. Again and again the prosecutor and the president of the tribunal wanted to make her state that Father Rossaint was willing to cooperate in a "common front." They tried hard to lay the "sensational revelations" on her tongue. She remained firm and said "no." She knew that she could hope to improve her fate, perhaps gain liberty, if she helped to convict the priest. Of what importance was it for the nazis to keep a communist girl in jail if the fight against the Catholic Church was at stake? She had written her party authorities—that correspondence had fallen into the hands of the Gestapo—that Father Rossaint was a man through whom larger Catholic circles could be reached and that if he could be won for the idea of a "common front," that would be an important asset. In that she was of course quite right from the

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communist point of view. The prosecutor wanted her to go a step further and to say that what had been her hope had actually become a fact. She replied that she never had the impression that Father Rossaint had any but religious interests in his conversations with the communists. When she went back to her penitentiary, she knew that she would have to pay the price for her attitude, that nothing would improve her situation or shorten the thirteen long years of penal servitude before her.

There can be nothing but respect and admiration for such strength of character. If there are among the communists more men and women like Bertha Karg, it would be infinitely sad if there were no priests like Father Rossaint to talk to them with sympathy and Christian charity.

This brings us to a very serious and delicate problem. Since the beginning of the nazi régime a ruthless war of extermination has been conducted against the German communists. Thousands of them were killed or driven to suicide, ten thousands were tortured in concentration camps or deprived of all means of livelihood. Dishonest and characterless elements have left the party long ago. They were "converted" to National Socialism and are now on the side of the persecutors. Those who remained loyal to their convictions, however wrong and pernicious they may be, are bringing considerable sacrifices to their cause and risking continuously their life and liberty. Among them are men and women of great human value. Do they not deserve to have Christians take some interest in them? Has not a priest the right to go after the lost sheep everywhere, even among the underground communists of nazi Germany? The way in which some Catholics praised and congratulated Hitler for his fight against Bolshevism could sometimes create the impression that they were trying to turn away the persecution from themselves upon others, that they wanted to join in trampling down people whose plight was already sad enough. Were Father Rossaint and his friends not doing exactly what Pope Pius XI in December, 1937, in his Christmas allocution to the French Cardinals, recommended as the Christian answer to the "open hand" of the communists?

The Natural Law

An inquiry into its relationship with the rights of the human person.*

By Jacques Maritain

IN ORDER to examine philosophically the question of the rights of a human being, it is well to investigate at the outset the question of what is called the natural law. Some of us may imagine that the natural law is an invention of the American founding fathers and of the French Revolution. Reactionaries of every sort have done much to spread this silly notion. Unhappily, in order to discredit the idea of the natural law, they have found allies on the one hand in the pessimism of certain religious thinkers of Lutheran or Jansenist tradition, and on the other hand among the majority of contemporary jurists (especially those of the positivist school). And these attack a false idea of the natural law; in doing away with this, they do away only with a man of straw erected by uncomprehending textbooks of philosophy.

The idea of natural law is a heritage of Christian thought and of classical thought. It does not stem back to the philosophy of the eighteenth century—a philosophy which more or less deformed it—but to Grotius and before him to Suarez and to Francis de Vitoria, and further back to Saint Thomas Aquinas, and further back to Saint Augustine, the Fathers of the Church, Saint Paul, and even further back to Cicero, the stoics, the great moralists, the great poets of antiquity, particularly to Sophocles. Antigone is the eternal heroine of the natural law, which classical man called the unwritten law, and this indeed is the name which best fits the thing.

I have not space here to discuss basic mistakes (highly intelligent philosophers will always be found who will brilliantly defend such); therefore I presume that you will admit that there exists such a thing as human nature and that this human nature is the same among all men. I presume that you admit that man is a being endowed with intelligence and who, as such, acts with understanding of what he does and thereby has the power to subject himself to an order determined by the ends he pursues. Then again, having a nature, being constructed after a certain determined fashion, man evidently has ends which correspond to his natural constitution and which are the same for all—just as all pianos, for example, whatever

* An excerpt from "Les Droits de l'Homme," to be published in French by Editions de la Maison Française, of New York.

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may be their shape or in whatever place they are, have as an end the production of sounds which are in set physical relation to each other. If a piano does not produce such sounds, it is no good, it must be tuned or else thrown away as useless. Moreover, since man is endowed with intelligence and himself determines his own ends, it is up to him to attune himself to the ends necessarily required by his own nature. This means that there exists, by very reason of human nature, *an order or a pattern which human nature can discover and according to which the human will must act in order to attune itself to the necessary ends of the human being. The unwritten law, or the natural law, is nothing more than this.*

The great philosophers of antiquity knew, the great Christian thinkers know even better, that nature flows from God and that the unwritten law flows from the eternal law which is creative Wisdom itself. This is why the idea of the natural or unwritten law was bound up in their minds to a feeling of natural piety, to that profound respect for holy things unforgettably expressed by Antigone. As they know the true principle of this law, faith in it is more firm and inescapable among those who believe in God than among others. In itself, however, it is sufficient to believe in human nature and in the liberty of the human being to be persuaded that there exists an unwritten law, to know that the natural law is something just as real in the moral order as the laws of growth and of growing old in the physical order.

The law and knowledge of the law are two very different things. A man who does not know the law (if this ignorance does not stem from some fault) is not responsible before the law. And to know that there is a law is not necessarily to know what that law is. It is through our forgetting this simple distinction that are born so many perplexities on the subject of the unwritten law. It is written, some say, in men's hearts. True enough, but in the hidden depths, as much hidden to us as our very hearts themselves. This very figure of speech has often been disastrous, leading men to conceive the natural law as a ready made code neatly packaged in each man's consciousness and which each has only to unwrap—and whereof all men should by nature have equal knowledge.

The natural law is not a written law. Men know it with greater or less ease, and in different degree, and, here as elsewhere, they run the risk of error. The only practical knowledge which all men naturally and infallibly share in common is that one must do good and avoid evil. And this is indeed the preamble and the principle of the natural law; it is not that law itself. The natural law is the sum total of things to be done and not to be done which follow from this principle in a *necessary* way and *by virtue alone of the fact that man is man,* regardless of all other considerations. That every sort of error and and aberration should be possible in our determination of these things merely goes to show that our insight is weak and that innumerable accidents can pervert our judgment. Montaigne slyly pointed out that incest and theft have been held as virtues by certain peoples; Pascal was scandalized thereat; we are scandalized that cruelty, that informing on blood relatives, that lying in the interests of a Party, that cruel murder of old or sick people should be held as virtuous actions by young people brought up in accordance with nazi standards. All this proves nothing against the natural law, any more than a mistake in adding a column of figures proves anything against mathematics, or that the errors of primitive man, who thought the stars were holes in the tent spread over the world, prove anything against astronomy.

The natural law is an unwritten law. Man's knowledge of it grows little by little with the progress of moral awareness. And this was at the outset only a twilight.* Ethnologists tell us within what structures of tribal life, and in the bosom of what magic of what half dream, it first took shape. All this merely proves that the idea of the natural law, first immersed in rites and mythologies, only tardily became differentiated—as tardily, indeed, as the very idea of nature itself. And it proves that the knowledge which men have had of the unwritten law has passed through more divers forms and states than certain philosophers or theologians would have believed. The knowledge which our own moral conscience has of this law is doubtless itself still imperfect, and it is likely that it will continue to develop and become refined as long as humanity endures. When the Gospel shall have penetrated to the very depths of human substance—only then will the natural law appear in its full flower and perfection.

The natural law and human rights

Now we must ponder the fact that the natural law and the light of moral conscience within us not only prescribe certain things to do and not to do; they also recognize rights, and particularly rights linked to the very nature of man. The human person has rights by the very fact that it is a person, a whole, master of itself and of its acts, and which is consequently not only a means, but an end, an end which must be treated as such. The dignity of the human person—this phrase means nothing if it does not mean that through the natural law the human person has the right to be respected and is the subject of right, possesses rights. There are certain things which are owed to man by the very fact that he is man. The notion of right and the notion of moral obliga-

* Cf. Raïssa Maritain, "La Conscience Morale et l'Etat de Nature," New York, 1942.

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tion are correlative; they both rest upon the freedom proper to spiritual agents. If a man is morally bound to the things necessary for the accomplishment of his destiny, it is because he has the right to accomplish that destiny; and if he has the right to accomplish his destiny, he has the right to do the things necessary therefor. The notion of right is even deeper than that of moral obligation, for God has a sovereign right over creatures, and He has no moral obligation toward them (even though He owes it to Himself to give them what is required by their nature).

The true philosophy of the rights of the human person thus rests upon the idea of the natural law. The same natural law which prescribes for us our most fundamental duties, and by virtue of which every law has its force, is also that which attributes to us our fundamental rights. It is because we are enmeshed in the order of the universe, in the laws and the regulations of the cosmos and of the immense family of created natures (and finally in the order of creative wisdom), and it is because at the same time we have therein the privilege of being spirits that we possess rights in the face of every man and of the whole assemblage of creation. In the last analysis, since every creature acts only in virtue of its Principle, which is the pure Act, since all authority worthy of the name—that is, just—is binding in conscience only in virtue of the Principle of beings, which is pure Wisdom, thus also every right possessed by man is possessed only in virtue of the right possessed by God, Who is pure Justice, that the order of His Wisdom in beings be respected, obeyed and loved by every intelligence.

Another altogether contrary philosophy has undertaken to base the rights of the human person on the pretension that man is subject to no law except that of his own will and his own freedom, and that he should "obey only himself," as Jean Jacques Rousseau put it, because every measure or regulation springing from the world of nature (and ultimately from creative wisdom) would cause him to lose at once his autonomy and his dignity. This philosophy has founded no base for the rights of the human person, because one cannot base anything upon illusion; it has compromised and scattered these rights, because it has led men to conceive these rights as rights divine in themselves and hence infinite, eluding all objective measure, refusing every limitation imposed upon the claims of the ego, and ultimately expressing the absolute independence of each human subject; and as a so-called absolute right, inherent in everything attached to that subject by reason alone of its presence there to stand sovereign against all the rest of beings. When men thus convinced were everywhere confronted by the impossible, they believed they had witnessed the bankruptcy of the rights of the human person. Some turned against these rights in a fury of enslavement; others have continued to call them sacred, but, in the depths of their conscience, suffer with regard to these rights a temptation to skepticism which is one of the most alarming symptoms of the present crisis. What is required of us is a sort of intellectual and moral revolution calculated to reestablish in a true philosophy our faith in the dignity of man and in his rights, and calculated to rediscover the authentic sources of this faith.

Awareness of the dignity of the person and of the rights of the person remained implicit in pagan antiquity, over which the law of slavery cast its shape. It was the message of the Gospels which, suddenly, awoke this awareness to itself, under a divine and transcendent form, by revealing to men that they are called to be sons and heirs of God, in the kingdom of God. Under the motive power of the Gospels, the same awakening was little by little to increase its extent in that which concerns the requirements of the natural law itself, within the realm of the life of man here below and of the earthly commonwealth.

Communications

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN RUSSIA

Jacksonville, Florida.

TO the Editors: Lord Beaverbrook must have, I think, little acquaintance with Churches, if he said that in Russia "there is complete freedom to practice religion, just as there is complete freedom to reject it." In short, for Lord Beaverbrook, there is little difference between America and Russia in the matter of religious freedom.

The same thing is often written or said now in America as well as in England. Albert Rhys Williams, who has spent over ten years in Russia, said here in the Roosevelt Hotel some days ago (he has lectured in all parts of North America on Soviet affairs) that "at least 20,000 religious societies function in Russia. And those who practice racial or religious intolerance in any form, are jailed."

Alexander Werth, in his book "Moscow War Diary," gives us the news that the magazine *Bezbozhnik* (Godless) devoted a whole issue to indignant protests against nazi persecution of the Protestant and Catholic Churches. Now, even the *Osservatore Romano* is quoted by *Izvestia*.

But all such facts provide little proof that the Soviet Government has changed its mind on the question of religious *freedom,* but only that the old persecution has stopped and a *tolerance* is the rule. It is impossible to enjoy religious freedom where the majority of priests and bishops are still deported or exiled; where great numbers of churches and religious buildings are still used for purely secular purposes; and where no seminary for new priests, no school for Christian education, no paper, no books, are permitted.

That said, to answer Lord Beaverbrook and others of the same opinion, it is not useful nor even right, I think,

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to oppose or make reservations on the war collaboration of America with Russia, asking Washington to give to Moscow an intimation such as: "No help if you do not now give religious freedom to the Russian people." I have read recently that the American people will not heartily support practical cooperation with Russia until Moscow officially dedicates Russia to the same causes, the same freedom and the same post-war world to which American effort is dedicated. Moreover, Russia has *officially* signed the Atlantic Charter and the declaration of 26 States in Washington (January, 1942). In practice it is clear that Moscow goes slow or does not go at all.

But American cooperation with Russia is of first interest to America herself. America's west war front is now in Russia. Nothing else is to be done than fully and heartily cooperate without hesitation or *arrière-pensée*. What is after all more interesting from a religious point of view, is that hearty American cooperation leads to a better understanding, and is the right way to change the old sectarian spirit of Soviet Russia to one of tolerance and a beginning of true freedom.

A declaration such as Beaverbrook's is bad because it would encourage Stalin in his policy toward religion, and the reservations of some Catholics about American cooperation with Russia would harm the cause of Catholicism itself. Such polemics and declarations are only for home consumption; they are of no help to Christianity in Russia. It will be better to drop them.

LUIGI STURZO.

The Stage & Screen

Keep 'Em Laughing

CLIFFORD C. FISCHER appears to have discovered a successful formula for war-time entertainment. Routine two-a-day cut-price vaudeville, with revue trimming—what London's Windmill Theater, recently celebrated in "Heart of a City," whimsically advertises as revuedeville. Fischer's "Priorities of 1942" is still packing them into the Forty-Sixth Street Theater. And two blocks downtown, there wasn't an empty seat at the second night of "Keep 'Em Laughing."

I enjoyed the first act of "Keep 'Em Laughing" more than either act of "Priorities," the second act less. The chief matter with the second act was Victor Moore, who should singlehanded have more than compensated for the Priorities' Lou Holtz, Willie Howard and Phil Baker. It gives a good feeling to watch Moore sidle onto a stage, pallid, apologetic, apprehensive; you want to rush up and reassure him with a kindly pat on the pate. But his chief contribution to "Keep 'Em Laughing" is a moth-eaten item resurrected from his early years on the circuits, before the brilliant book of "Of Thee I Sing" put him in the big time.

Later in the act he gets together with William Gaxton, his dynamic partner in that and later successes—most recently "Louisiana Purchase." But like the skits in "Priorities," Moore's and Gaxton's owes its whole value to the audience's nostalgia. The audience laughs because it's gotten in the habit of laughing at these two.

However, Gaxton's private skit, a bibulous Hollywood writer turning out a screenplay, is fresh and risible. It's almost as good as the act that steals the show: a group of trained dogs building a house and performing aerial trapeze acts. The Hartmans fill Paul Draper's spot. I happen to consider that burlesquing ballroom dancing is hitting a man when he's down; but within their field, the Hartmans are unquestionably first.

Hildegarde was another disappointment. She goes down best in the smoke- and alcohol-haze of the Savoy-Plaza's basement. On the open stage, her reaching gestures become frantic and her spontaneity forced; she shouldn't try to imitate Hazel Scott's boogie-woogie classics until she learns how to play the piano better; and her exploitation of the enlisted men she lured to the stage was acutely embarrassing.

Fred Sanborn enlivens a quarter hour with his xylophone. Zero Mostel takes time off from Café Society and the Chamber Music Society of Upper Basin Street to give imitations of Durante, Charles Boyer and a double-talking Senator. Jack Cole and his dancers dislocate their necks in an agreeable adaptation of oriental dancing to American rhythms. As in "Priorities," the voices and chorus dancing are negligible, but the girls are better looking and better costumed, against handsomer drops. *(At the Forty-Fourth Street.)*

Harlem Cavalcade

ED SULLIVAN, the *Daily News* columnist, said to himself: "If Cliff Fischer can do it, why can't I?" For an angle, he recruited his two-a-day in Harlem.

"Harlem Cavalcade" is a faster, louder, more tuneful, happier show than Fischer's two, but I didn't think it quite came off. Maybe it was too hot a night. Everything takes place in quadruple time; occasionally a tap dancer is allowed a fifteen-second solo, but first thing he knows his two or three or four partners are racing him again; occasionally the management allows three instead of four persons to sing a song, but those three must be twice as big around; where nature didn't do a thorough enough job, the comedians smear themselves with burnt cork.

It develops into more of a contest than a show. Turning a forward somersault in the air is a considerable trick. But nearly everyone in the cast gets one off before the evening is over, thereby canceling out one another's skill, making it seem no trick at all. So many dance so well that expert dancing, too, becomes a matter of course and your wonderment begins to pass into stupor.

The comedy isn't up to the dancing and singing; it ambles through the conventional Amos and Andy situations, from the quack doctor with his saw to midnight in a cemetery. Good standard vaudeville, perhaps, but good standard vaudeville isn't necessarily good humor. The Negro's distinctive humor, like his dancing and music, is *ad lib;* he's not at his best when he's being paid to show off before white folks. *(At the Ritz.)*

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The Life of Reilly

STILLBORN farces have been a feature of the present theatrical season. William Roos's "The Life of Reilly" lasted from a Wednesday to a Saturday. There ought to be a good farce in the fanatic loyalty of the Brooklyn baseball fans for their Beautiful Bums; but it would need to be written by Ring Lardner, who is dead, or Damon Runyon, who is in Hollywood. "The Life of Reilly" lacked other things, but it principally lacked Lardner's and Runyon's talent to raise comedy strip into comedy through a style of dialogue. Or George Abbott might have put it over by the style of his pacing, which Roy Hargrave unsuccessfully imitated.

DAVID BURNHAM.

Breathes There a Hero

WE ARE ALL quite used to Alfred Hitchcock's technique by now—violence, understatement, suspense, alternating with exciting chase and hairbreadth escape. Mr. Hitchcock mixes up his ingredients to give us moving pictures that not only move but actually race. In his latest film, *"Saboteur,"* Mr. Hitchcock includes his full repertoire—plus patriotism. This patriotism slows up the speed in a couple of scenes (especially in the one static episode in which practically the whole cast assemble to expound their views) but it doesn't prevent "Saboteur" from being a first-rate action film—with of course the added attraction of some intelligent remarks on the democratic way and why the totalitarians will fail. Patriotism is hardly out of place in any field these days; but it is for the master director's touch that you will see "Saboteur." This time his film is one long chase, a chase that starts with a bang when the hero is accused of incendiary sabotage in an aircraft plant in California and ends with a terrific scene on top of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. In between the two coasts, the hero with the police hot on his heels goes faster and faster as he gets closer to the real saboteurs, against whom he is accumulating a string of evidence.

The first stop is at a ranch out West where after a completely disarming, homey scene, suspicions are suddenly confirmed. The hero's arrest, his jump off a high bridge into a river, refuge in the blind man's cabin where the heroine becomes involved, tussle with the girl, ride in the circus caravan and the night with the freaks, search resumed in Soda City ("in the heart of the bicarbonate belt"), joining up with the villains. The speed increases. Mr. Hitchcock is in full stride by the time of the New York episodes: the charity ball given by a socialite with fascist interests, the hero's failure to convince anyone that this is a nest of saboteurs, the chase through Rockefeller Center, the explosion at the launching, the man hanging on the arm of the Statue of Liberty.

Actors themselves are secondary in a Hitchcock film. They do well because Hitchcock makes them. In this cast are Robert Cummings, Priscilla Lane, Otto Kruger, Norman Lloyd and a miscellaneous assortment of faces and hands and bodies that are expertly directed. Little bits, effective sequences, faces will stay with you for days: the kindliness of the blind man, the bearded lady with

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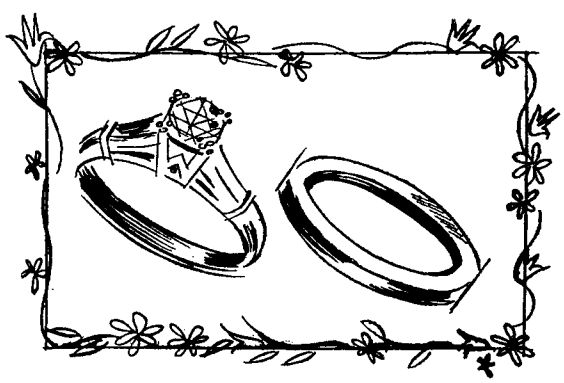

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curlers on her face, the view of the dam through the saboteurs' spy glass, the moment of the hero's speech at the charity ball, the chase through Radio City Music Hall and the real pistol shots coming simultaneously with the movie-within-the-movie's shots, the dirty smirk on the saboteur's face as he passes the *Normandie* on its side, the slow ripping of the man's coat as he hangs high in the air above the unsuspecting crowd. You'll remember these and you'll remember some of the speeches in "Saboteur." The script by Peter Vertel, Joan Harrison and Dorothy Parker is unusually good with insertions of humor that relieve the tenseness of the pursuit. But mainly you'll remember the hero's defense of democracy as he tells off the leading saboteur and especially one statement because it sums up the film's patriotism and belief in the masses and little people: "You really hate *all* people. The world's choosing up sides. We'll fight standing on our feet. And we'll win—*if it takes till the cows come home.*"

Other films seem like casual entertainment. *"My Gal Sal"* tries to compensate in a splurge of technicolor and some good production numbers for the absence of story material. It follows the life of Paul Dresser from his home in Indiana, through his medicine show days right up to the pinnacle of his success as a Broadway song writer. Then the story stops—for although the Dresser tale isn't so much sugar coated as salt coated, it avoids becoming gin soaked. The brace of writers who worked over Theodore Dreiser's anecdotes about his brother were so circumspect that the result is flat. The décor is in the 1942 version of the gay nineties. The score uses the best of Dresser's songs, including of course "My Gal Sal" and "On the Banks of the Wabash" (done with sets that might have been inspired by the late Grant Wood). However, the whole is too long. As good as Rita Hayworth is as Sal, we can only take so much of the flamboyance, extravagance and bad taste of the nineties. Victor Mature (as Dresser) looks, leers and ogles, while Rita remains snooty until she falls for Vic's charms. John Sutton, James Gleason and Carole Landis assist with what plot there is. Phil Silvers does the film's best comedy stuff. Hermes Pan and Val Raset staged the dances which are beautifully costumed but become monotonous after the first forty minutes. I can't figure out why Hollywood must base films of this kind on the lives of real people, and then must change the facts to flatten the effect. Director Irving Cummings had difficulty squeezing drama out of Sal and Paul.

"Twin Beds" is a bedroom farce from the 'twenties and should have been left back there. Edward Small's new movie version tries to be timely by letting Joan Bennett wear an A.W.V.S. uniform in a couple of scenes. (That Miss Bennett is cute in an A.W.V.S. uniform I'm not denying.) But modernized or no, "Twin Beds" has still the same unfunny who-slept-with-whom-and-in-whose-bed theme. The three couples who get mixed up and feebly straightened by the finale are Miss Bennett and George Brent, Glenda Farrell and Mischa Auer, Una Merkel and Ernest Truex. Even good comedians like Auer and Truex couldn't do much with the outmoded material; and Auer works overtime, running up and down fire-escapes in his underwear, putting on a tiresome drunk scene. Although Director Tim Whelan was pretty discouraged too, he managed to stage one very funny episode in which a bore advises Brent in a series of bromides. You can skip "Twin Beds" and look at Bennett in the ads.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books of the Week

Young Love

Seventeenth Summer. Maureen Daly. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

MISS DALY, a senior at Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois, is the winner of the Dodd, Mead Literary Fellowship Award for the best novel written by an American student in college or university this year. "Seventeenth Summer" is the novel, and it is such an excellent beginning to a career that one hopes the author will not be led astray by the delusive splendors of Hollywood offers or the slick and easy opulence of writing for the women's magazines on their terms. For her work is at present at a turning point. If she continues to read life with her present honesty and an increasing depth, she will be an important writer; whereas if she devotes her

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undoubted talents for conveying nuances of emotion and all the tremulous, half-realized feelings of youth to the business of turning out a conventionalized series of boys meeting the usual series of girls, she will make a lot of money and get nowhere.

The narrative of this story of first love is extremely slight; it rises to no great climaxes of action; the curve of its progress is emotional rather than dramatic. The author has, however, a native sense of form which rounds out and includes all the wealth of observation and sensibility which gives distinction to her story. The reader senses the same effect of a job done as well as it could possibly be done that one finds in such a novelist as Jane Austen; a complete success on a scale deliberately limited. Miss Daly knows adolescents; normal, healthy, fairly imaginative American boys and girls. These she gives us, and makes no attempt to soar, to uplift, to probe, or to exaggerate. For this reason alone, her book would have succeeded. And yet, more than this, her novel has reality in the true sense of a vastly abused word. It is the reality, not of nightmare and Krafft-Ebing and melodrama, as most American novelists and critics seem to define the word, but the reality of a middle-class Wisconsin home, much like thousands of other American homes where life is placid and thoughtful and kind. The neuroticized melodrama of a Steinbeck or a Faulkner is missing here, and of course there will be critics to decry its absence as if the portrayal of reality demands highlighting of evil. Somehow it seems to me that Miss Daly will have too much sense to let such phoney criticism bother her, and if her decision to show us American life from its poetic and idealist side marks a trend, there will be many to applaud.

The writing is excellent, although there are infrequent times where some forcing for effect may be noticed. "Seventeenth Summer" is filled with those infinite shadings of feeling which the mind forgets as it matures and sharpens; the quick response to natural things, to weathers and to intuitions, the inexplicable sadnesses, sudden joys and all-embracing pities. As a sample of the quality of the writing, the following quotation may serve:

> The weather was bound to break and finally in the late afternoon a storm rode in from the lake on a low wind that smelled of fish and the dark, troubled waters of Winnebago. Over to the north, the sky grew heavy and sullen, a dark gray-green, the color of old bruises, and the wind snaked its way through the grass and pushed the bushes flat against the house.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

BIOGRAPHY

Wide Margins. George Palmer Putnam. Harcourt. $3.00.

AS THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a man who was a publisher more by inheritance than by temperament, "Wide Margins" has far more to do with the high, wide and handsome adventures of George Palmer Putnam in Hollywood, Greenland and the Far West than with operations in his ancestral offices in the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons. There is much that is amusing in these pages, even though it must be said that it has this in common with virtually all autobiographies of men of bluster, that when the bouquet of action has once been whiffed by the reader, there is no residue of striking ideas that one may treasure or contend with. Following the diverse excursions of such a man has much the same entertaining but unsatisfactory effect as conversing with a brilliant but

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undisciplined mind whose iridescent phantoms are unanchored and blow away on the wind of time. Again, the sensitive reader of such books wishes always that the authors would not leave unsaid so much that might pertain to the motives and the ideals that make them the men they are. The bald silences of this book scream out more boisterously than do the stated incidents. "Wide Margins" seems to record a life that has been full but not rich, exciting but without aim; it seizes upon the incidents of one man's life, but misses the man.

George Palmer Putnam is the grandson of the founder of the distinguished house of Putnam. He came into a large share of the firm's holdings, but in later life sold out and settled down quietly in a cabin atop the Sierras with his third wife—the second, Amelia Earhart, having died her tragic death. As a young man, Putnam had served as mayor of Bend, Oregon, by virtue of his being the only person on the scene who was neither too virtuous nor disreputable to serve as compromise candidate to break an electoral deadlock. Later as a publisher, he developed a zest for travel and adventure and exploration and became publisher for Lindbergh, Beebe, Rockwell Kent, Byrd, Roy Chapman Andrews and "Dr. Traprock," author of the famous hoax, "The Cruise of the Kawa." He went in for exploration himself, spending some little time in Greenland and dispatching to the New York *Times* the spectacular story of the Arctic murder of Ross Marvin, sixteen years before, by an Eskimo.

Other amusing interludes concern Putnam's life in Dublin, New Hampshire, with Rockwell Kent, who was a devotee of skiing in the nude; dickering with Calvin Coolidge for his autobiography; journeyings about London; friendships with Beebe and Piccard and, in general, lively peripatetics among some of the better known writers, actors and actresses, producers and artists of America. George Palmer Putnam has always made haste hastily, and it is entirely possible that he has derived a good deal of fun out of life.

T. O'CONOR SLOANE III.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

The Lost Peace. Harold Butler. Harcourt. $2.75.

"A BOOK dealing with international affairs written in the midst of the present turmoil is like a stick thrown into the swirling flood. . . . In a few months the judgments of today may seem incredibly wrong in the light of the facts of tomorrow."

So says the author's note at the beginning of this book, yet it does not seem that in this case, whatever the source of the swirling flood of events, his judgments can be far wrong. They are the result of the wide experience of the author as Director of the International Labor Office from its first establishment until 1938. Here in Geneva, he was in personal contact with the leading statesmen, officials and economists of Europe. Clear and calm are his statements; his book has a clarifying effect on the conflicting views that find expression in press and radio all day long. He tells the story of the peace that failed in measured language, then studies conditions in France, Germany, Austria and "new nations and old." Finally he deals with "Questions for tomorrow," and gives a good chapter on the reconstruction that must follow the war. He believes in no rapid growth of Utopia, but in the patient building, stone by stone, on the foundations of the past. Economic rehabilitation he sees as the primary need of a starving Europe, and hopes that the organizations that carry out this work will become a part of the permanent settlement. He dismisses federal union as chimerical in the present conditions, and sees political union of sovereign nations an impossibility. But isolationism is dead, and some form of international organization is indispensable. This he looks for in the economic rather than the political realm.

Yet nations must be associated for collective security, the only hope for future peace. Three nations could serve as pivots for the regional grouping which, in his judgment, is more practical than any world or even European federation. The Americas have already drawn more closely together. London is the seat of many exiled governments which may keep their close ties with Britain in years of peace to come. Soviet Russia is the natural leader of the Slavs and mutual toleration of differing internal policies might make this leadership a force for peace. Disarmament can only follow security, and will never be brought about by conference or command. His words on the evils of the policy of the League towards minorities are full of wisdom, and the alternative plan which he offers has already been successful in the case of the Turks and the Greeks.

Mr. Butler looks to the combined efforts of the British and American commonwealths to lead the world to peace. But he sees, too, that the only foundations on which a real civilization can be built are the Christian doctrines of love and charity. A thoughtful study of this valuable work should go far in the development of that wisdom which is the one hope for the future.

MOTHER MARY LAWRENCE, S.H.C.J.

CRITICISM

The Emergence of An American Art. Jerome Mellquist. Scribner's. $3.75.

THIS is a paradoxical book. It strikes one as coming from a person to whom phrases come easily—Mr. Mellquist writes well—but from one to whom surfaces have more importance than background, although surely an earnest attempt has been made to supply one from newspaper and magazine files. There are good things, like the first chapter on Whistler, which, except for the statement that "Whistler focussed"—Whistler *soft*-focussed—is well-nigh perfect. Then there are bad things, like the one-line dismissal of Rockwell Kent's paintings, to wit, "all that can be said is, that it would be better to let the Eskimoes alone." Mr. Kent has his defects, but he is certainly worth much more interpretation than this: indeed he is an important cog—for he was the innovator of stream-lining—in the very movement that the author set out to describe.

Mr. Mellquist's thesis is that the American movement in art began to emerge with the publication of Alfred Stieglitz's *Camera Notes* in 1897 and with the work of "The Eight," who exhibited at the old Macbeth Gallery in 1908. With this there is no disaccord. Though the author underrates Sargent, and is oblivious of Monet's influence upon him, he feels that Sargent was an exporter, as Whistler was a bridge, from Europe to America. Indeed one wonders why Whistler and Sargent, proud of them as we can be, were regarded as forerunners. If American art was to emerge, why did it need Europe at all? The Eight did not need Europe to go down among the people. They just needed to go down among the people and no amount of Manet, Velasquez, and Goya would accomplish that if the painter didn't have that desire within himself. Thus it is that the chapter on pictorialism,

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which depicts how Stieglitz and other photographers did go down into the streets, is the best in the section on the forerunners. Revolt and culmination are the other two sections of the book.

One of the good points about Mr. Mellquist's volume, which is full of gaps, like the elaborately empty four-page chapter on O'Keeffe, is the handsome manner in which he has dealt with neglected artists. Arthur W. Dow, Oscar Bluemner, and Arnold Friedman are among those whose importance he has perceived. There is an interesting chapter on prints, where, although much is said over the admirable Fitzroy Carrington and his *Print Collector's Quarterly,* its influence on American printers adds up to being nebulous. Again, as in the case of the painters, it was life, or a changing era in life, that changed the subject matter, and not adherence to tradition.

Mr. Mellquist underlines artists like Maurer and the rest of the Stieglitz protégés, but is too sketchy about artists of the last decade. Though there are interesting criticisms of the critics, like Huneker, McBride, Mumford, Rosenfeld, Craven, and Caffin, he negatives the sum total of the mural work accomplished under Government projects, which bespeaks either lack of visual experience or prejudice. Mr. Mellquist leaves almost as little space for Burchfield as he did for the Government. In fact, for the scene since 1930 there is little save the trite. John Carroll gets off with one line, his paint seeming to be handled "with cold cream and soot"; Knaths with half a sentence. Watkins gets three tiny sentences. Nothing is said of the current sociological school. In a volume where Marin gets five times the coverage of O'Keeffe, Whistler twice that of Sargent, there is something disproportionate. The book itself is like a painting in which there is too much paint and too much to tell: now cloying, now skimpy.

JAMES W. LANE.

James Joyce. Harry Levin. New Directions. $1.50.

THERE is an unusual fascination for many of us about intellectuals who have left the Church. We are so aware of the precipices along which we must travel, and which overhang a cavernous unbelief, that we are conscious of a feeling of partial identity with such straying sheep. While these unfortunate persons stumbled, or took the wrong path, we have been mercifully saved from a like tragic mischance. Joyce, it will be noted, was the most conspicuous intellectual to leave the fold in recent years. As Mr. Levin points out in this well documented and evocative book, James Joyce was always temperamentally in harmony with the atmosphere of our religion. This has the effect of increasing one's interest in his personality and creates a desire to know the degree to which reason, as such, influenced his purpose to live and die outside of the Church.

In other articles on this enigmatic writer I have suggested that something like a cleavage existed between the instinctive man and the artistic personality Joyce made of himself. In some measure, at least, this book supports that view. His literary content, non-spiritual though it be, is steeped in the characteristics of Catholicism; his literary form, in contrast, is a product of his life-long rendezvous with those esoteric, artistic tendencies in European art which reveal the decay of a materialistic and de-humanized culture. That culture, in what appears to be its final stage, flowered into a perverse and brilliant art and James Joyce occupies a high place in the hierarchy of creative personages identified with it.

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Next Week

ENFORCEMENT BY PERSUASION, by Godfrey Schmidt of the New York State Labor Relations Board, tells of an experiment by which labor mediators hope to break down racial and religious prejudices. The idea is based on the principle that, humans being as they are, it is impossible to legislate morality.

ROUND HOUSE REVOLT, by David Marshall, author of recent COMMONWEAL articles on Parnell and Holy Ireland, has for its subject the American locomotive. This fascinating excerpt from a forthcoming book on model railroads deals with one of the noblest of American creations, delving into its history and bringing the story down to 1942.

WEST OF THE RIVER, by T. D. Lyons, treats of the mighty Missouri River, with its three tributaries—the Yellowstone, the Platte and the Kaw—each of which is 3,000 miles long. Judge Lyons quotes Dakota's silver-tongued orator Will Sterling, who spoke of St. Louis as "the place where the wild, rude, vigorous Missouri takes captive its tame domestic sister [the Mississippi] and bears it triumphantly to the glittering waters of the Gulf."

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The critical and sensitive qualities of Mr. Levin's book are of an exceptional kind and these may finally establish it as a definitive analysis of Joyce's work. His perception of the part religion played, both as positive and negative factors, in the development of this writer, is intuitive and logical. It is, necessarily, an outside view and this must, to some extent, externalize his conception. While this is not an aspect that obtrudes in the book it is reasonable to assume that a critic whose background made it possible for him to associate himself mentally with Joyce, in his journey away from his spiritual center, might have contributed matter of more spiritual significance. This however would be conditioned on such a writer also possessing the critical scholarship and taste that is Mr. Levin's equipment. BARRY BYRNE.

FICTION

Only One Storm. Granville Hicks. Macmillan. $2.75.

IT MIGHT be said about Granville Hicks's longish, accurate and somewhat dull novel that the sum is greater than its parts. Mr. Hicks takes a typically decadent New England town, Pendleton, situated in the Berkshires, and with almost monotonous accuracy details its vices and its virtues, its mores and prejudices. The summer and/or New York friends of the protagonist, Canby Kittredge, provide Mr. Hicks with the opportunity for long dissertational arguments.

Canby Kittredge is a native Pendletonian who made good in the city as an advertising executive, got fed up with it, and returned to Pendleton to run a printing press. Kittredge, his wife, and virtually all of their city friends who frequently visit them are what was called in the dear, dead days of the '30's, "Pinkos"; and a good part of the novel is taken up by the Kittredges' Communist friends trying to persuade them to take the fatal step, i. e. join the Communist Party.

It doesn't seem ridiculous to Mr. Hicks that his protagonist, of whom he thinks rather well, should have been horrified to the point of rage and despair by the viciousness of German Fascism, and not particularly bothered by the similar characteristics of Russian Communism. However, all is saved by the German-Russian non-aggression pact of 1939 rather than by Kittredge's alleged horse-sense. Kittredge cannot stomach the pact and he loses many of his Pinko friends, while others weep on his shoulder. Kittredge runs for village selectman. Rather belatedly he has decided that it might be best for him to see to it that his own village is properly administered. It is in his depiction of the village and its people that Mr. Hicks is at his best and achieves something of a triumph. Although virtually every character is a cliché, and many of them done in unrelieved black and white and in a style that is no more than adequate, the sense of reality comes through to the reader.

Gran thinks rather well of Can and fails to see that his hero is smug and splenetic, as confused as the rest of the Pinks in the book, and saved from their embarrassment only because the author happens to be a pretty good second-guesser. Christina Kittredge, his wife and the mother of their three children, is something else again, though, and comes through as an almost model person.

Mr. Hicks is on the side of the angels in spite of his and his protagonist's confusion. But one can't help wondering what Canby Kittredge would have done if Granville Hicks had projected the novel past the time of Germany's attack on Russia. HARRY SYLVESTER.

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The Inner Forum

Pan-American Catholic Scholarships

ACCORDING to *Catholic Action*, monthly publication of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the exchange scholarship program worked out for the academic year 1942-43 by the NCWC Department of Education "will constitute the largest single effort in Catholic inter-American collaboration through student exchange ever undertaken." Its Inter-American Section has arranged for 104 new scholarships for students from the other Americas, at 57 Catholic universities and colleges in various parts of the United States.

Among the new scholarships are 25 grants, valued at $11,600, for studies at the graduate level. Research provided for in this part of the program is to be conducted in such fields as dentistry, education, law, medicine, the sciences and social work.

For undergraduates from Central and South America, the 30 scholarships already in force are to be renewed for the coming year. In addition, there are 21 new undergraduate scholarships for men and 58 for women from other American countries. Of the total of 104 new scholarships, graduate and undergraduate, offered at Catholic institutions in 20 states and the District of Columbia, more than 75 percent are full scholarships.

It has also been arranged that 30 students from the United States are to be awarded scholarships at three of the leading universities of South America for the coming academic year. They are to be divided equally between the Catholic University of Chile at Santiago, the Universided Javeriana of Bogotá, Colombia, and the San Marcos University of Lima, Peru.

Catholic Action declares that this "program aims not only to bring students from other countries to United States Catholic colleges and send US students to other American nations, but to arrange exchange professorships and encourage all other activities in the educational field that will contribute to better inter-American understanding. . . . The total value of scholarships offered in this country for next year is almost $65,000."

CONTRIBUTORS

Christopher HOLLIS is the author of many books the latest of which is "Noble Castle."

Wilhelm SOLZBACHER, author of a book on Pope Pius XI and the totalitarian régimes, arrived in this country several months ago on board the "hell ship" Navemar.

Jacques MARITAIN of the Institut Catholique of Paris is well known for such books as "The Degrees of Knowledge," "Integral Humanism" and his latest work, "Ransoming the Time." He has been lecturing at Columbia and Princeton Universities.

J. G. E. HOPKINS, who conducts the literary column of the magazine *Columbia* and is active in the Catholic Poetry Society, teaches English at the College of Notre Dame of Staten Island.

T. O'Conor SLOANE III, formerly an editor for E. P. Dutton and Co., has enlisted in the Coast Artillery.

Mother Mary LAWRENCE, S.H.C.J., an active member of the Catholic Association for International Peace, teaches history at Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.

James W. LANE, a critic for the *Art News*, writes and lectures on art.

Barry BYRNE, a contributing editor of THE COMMONWEAL, is a well-known architect and art critic.

Harry SYLVESTER, frequent contributor to *Collier's* and other popular magazines, recently published his first novel, "Dearly Beloved."

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